



LOUIS BRESSLER FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW—

THE 'L' TRACKMAN WHO PERISHED IN THE SNOW



LIZZIE STOUT IN POLICE UNIFORM—

## THE JOURNAL RELIEVES MISERY IN MANY HOMES.

Sad Cases of Destitution Discovered by Reporters Who Pushed Through the Storm with Food and Fuel for Suffering Families.

Mrs. H. Pike, a widow, and her daughter, aged twenty, live in two rooms on the second floor of No. 71 West One Hundredth street. They maintain themselves meagrely by sewing, but neither has been able to get any work for several weeks. They had neither fire nor food in the house.

Mrs. S. A. Deming, a widow, sixty-four years old, and her daughter, thirty-eight years old, live at No. 69 West One Hundredth street. Miss Deming supports herself and her aged mother by sewing, but has been unable to get work for several weeks. They are in sore distress.

Joseph Fuller, with a family of blue persons, lives at No. 122 West One Hundredth and First street. He is a horse seller, but is ill and has not had any work for more than a year. The family are in real need. Michael Ender and his wife, with four small children, live at No. 208 West Ninety-eighth street. He is a butcher, but has been out of employment for months.

Mrs. C. L. Moore, a widow, lives at No. 307 West One Hundredth and Twentieth street. She has two children, a little girl and a boy of sixteen, who is a driver, but has had no employment recently. They had neither food nor fire, and were overjoyed at the arrival of the Journal wagon.

Mrs. Robert Dolson lives on the top floor at No. 222 Avenue C. She and her four children had gone to bed at 6 o'clock to keep warm. They had nothing to eat and no fuel. Her husband has been out of work for nearly a year. She will become a mother within a week. Provisions, coal and kindling wood sufficient to last three days was given to her.

Mrs. Mary Drouin, a widow, with two children, lives in the rear of No. 172 Essex street. She is dangerously ill and is in dire

need. The miserably furnished apartments were cold and the little ones had eaten nothing since early in the day. It was dark when the Journal relief wagon reached Mrs. Drouin's home, and she was so feeble that it required an effort for her to express her thanks. Her history is a particularly sad one. Her husband committed suicide a year ago in a fit of despondency. The woman was too weak to tell her story, but the neighbors told it for her. Coffee, sugar, meats and other articles were left for the family.

The family of William Schoeffen occupies two small rooms at No. 555 Fifth street. They have three children, one a baby three weeks old. Schoeffen, who is a carpenter, has been unable to work for two years. He is dying of consumption. The family had neither food nor fuel, nor was there money to procure medicine for the sick man. Their immediate necessities were relieved.

Mrs. Henry Becker lives at No. 604 East Fifth street, in a tumble-down rear tenement. She has four children, and her husband, a teamster, has been out of work for three months. They had no food and no money. The children had picked up enough coal on the railroad tracks to keep a little fire. Groceries and bread were given to them.

George Topfstadt is in St. Joseph's hospital dying of consumption. He is a tailor who has been unable to work for two years. His wife and four small children live in a little room at No. 641 East Sixth street. One of the children is ill. They had neither food nor fuel to last the day out. Both were given to them by the Journal.

John Lorus, of No. 255 Avenue B, second floor back. The baby, a month old, is ill.

Mrs. Tiernan, No. 414 First avenue, rear tenement, is a widow with three young children and a niece to support. They had not had a bite to eat all day.

Mrs. Sarah Rosenberg, living on the top floor of No. 107 Essex street, is a young woman with three little children. Her husband is in State Prison for robbing the Post Office. She was furnished with provisions enough to last a few days.

Mrs. Margaret Wood lives on the second floor at No. 180 Hester street. She has been a widow for several years and was dependent on her son-in-law, who died a few months ago. The day of the funeral his wife was stricken with paralysis. Mrs. Wood and her three grandchildren remained in bed nearly all of yesterday, in order to keep from freezing to death.

"God bless the Journal," Mrs. Wood said. Henry Crane, of No. 945 Columbus avenue, is a victim of hard luck. He has a wife and three beautiful children. Last night he tried to buy some coal on credit, but failed.

He had no money, and the Journal representative arrived just in time to put some warmth in the chilly rooms. Crane is a young man, but his hair is gray from worry.

In one room in a tumble-down house in One Hundred and Ninth street, near Amsterdam avenue, lives Ellen Reilly. She has two children, a boy sixteen and a girl of fourteen. Neither has been able to secure employment this winter. Yesterday they kept warm by a fire made of pieces of board picked up near a building in course of erection nearby. Margie Murphy, a widow with four small children, occupies two basement rooms under Mrs. Reilly's apartments. Mrs. Murphy had no fire last night. She put her children to bed before dark, and sat by the pitiful fire in Mrs. Reilly's little stove.

Barbara Brown, a widow, with three children, lives at No. 703 Columbus avenue.



FOUND IN THE SNOW

THE blizzard caused acute suffering to the very poor people of New York, and the charities organizations were overrun with applications for temporary relief.

The Journal secured from the officers of the organized charities and the Department of Charities of the City of New York the names of 100 heads of families whose cases had been found to be particularly desperate, and yesterday afternoon sent out ten relief expeditions to different sections of the city.

Ten of the Journal's wagons were loaded with groceries and bread, and a reporter was sent with each to superintend the distribution of the food-supplies. Each reporter was instructed to procure a supply of coal and kindling wood as well, and to give each family that needed it three days' supply of fuel and food. Of the 100 cases of destitution reported, more than ninety were found to be genuine, and in many instances the suffering of sick women and young children was pitiful. Here are some of the cases:

J. P. Dittman, eighty-two years old, a hopeless invalid, his wife, sixty years old, and a daughter of twenty, live in two bleak rooms at No. 67 West One Hundredth

street. The wife and daughter have not been able to find any work, and the family was without fuel or food—absolutely destitute. They were praying over an old Bible when the Journal reporter knocked at their door. When provisions and money had been left with them, Mrs. Dittman exclaimed, with tears in her eyes: "I knew God would answer our prayers!"

Mrs. Johanna Liston, a widow, lives with her two sons, James, aged eighteen, and Michael, sixteen, in a basement at No. 300 West One Hundredth and Eighteenth street. She has been out of work, Jimmie, who is a painter, is idle, and Michael, who works in a laundry, earns only four dollars a week. That only little more than pays their rent, and there was no food in their kitchen last night until the Journal donation reached them in time to supply a good supper.

Mrs. Lillie Keen, of No. 155 West One Hundredth street, is a widow who does house cleaning or any similar work to support her three little children, two boys and a girl. She has had only an occasional piece of work recently and doesn't know how she is to pay the \$8 rent for the basement rooms she occupies when it falls due next time.

She works at anything she can get to do, and has been keeping her children and herself on less than 20 cents a day. The children were put to bed last night at 6 o'clock to keep warm.

Mrs. Gertrude Williams, a widow, with two small children, lives on the top floor at No. 707 Columbus avenue. One of her children is recovering from diphtheria. Night before last she had no fire. Last night her fuel ran out at 6 o'clock, and she put the children to bed.

Jacob Beck, No. 447 East Thirtieth street, is a tailor with a wife and one child. Two children died recently, and the wife is soon again to be a mother. They have been without coal for a week, and have had only one dry loaf of bread to eat for three days.

Mrs. Minnie Houbrecht, No. 620 East Thirtieth street, is a widow with eleven children. Her husband died even months ago, three days after the birth of her youngest child. One of her children is very ill.

Charles Erhardt, a crippled printer, lives at No. 157 Lewis street with his invalid wife and four children. They were in desperate straits when the Journal wagon arrived.

Patrick Dwyer, laborer, of No. 235 East

Houston street, has a wife and six children, twelve, ten, nine, seven, five and three years old. They had had only bread and butter to eat for more than a week.

Mary Essig has lived with her daughter, Mrs. John Ledy, and her five children in two small rooms at No. 187 Lewis street, since her husband was crushed to death several months ago. The family was entirely out of provisions.

Mrs. Ellen Beattie, of No. 131 Lewis street, seventy-four years old, lay on a mattress on the floor of her attic, haggard and ill. Her nephew, himself an aged man, supports her when he has work. Coal, which they badly needed, was supplied to them.

Mrs. Thomas Burns, of No. 118 Lewis street, has four young children. Her husband, a laborer, has been out of work for eight months. The Journal's supplies of food and fuel came when the mother was about to ask the parish priest for help.

Mrs. Gillespie, at No. 8 Goerck street, was found wondering what she should do to get food for her sick husband and five small children. Her husband has been laid up and unable to work for a long time, and all their money and saleable articles have long since gone.

A similar case was found at No. 71 Mangin street. Mrs. Cook, a worthy woman with five children, had no supper but some weak tea, borrowed from a neighbor, and three potatoes. Where the next day's food was to come from they could not tell. Bread, coal and groceries were given them.

THE JOURNAL'S RELIEF WAGON—

THE FIRST FIRE IN THREE DAYS



IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS